My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnspotted fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all said yet, thou proue prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happinesse.
Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske aduice of any other thought,
But faithfulnesse and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers flesh which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a father.
Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue, resolue it you.

Sharpe physicke is the last; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glasse of light, I lou'd you and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your sence the strings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:

Good

Good sooth, I care not for you
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch
For that's an article within our
As dangerous as the rest: you
Either expound now, or receiu
Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the sinnes th
T'would braid your selfe too n
Who hath a booke of all that
Hee's more secure to keepe it
For vice repeated, is like the w
Blowes dust in others eies, to
And yet the end of all is bough
The breath is gone, and the so
To stop the aire would hurt th
Copt hils toward heauen, to te
By mans oppression, and the p
Kings are earths Gods: in vic
And if *Ioue* stray, who dares sa
It is enough you know, and it
What being more knowne, gr
All loue the wombe that their
Then giue my tongue like lea
Ant. Heauen that I had it;
But I will gloze with him. Yo
Though by the tenour of you
Your exposition mis-interpre
We might proceed to counsel
Yet hope, succeeding from so
As your faire selfe, doth tune
Forty daies longer we do resp
If by which time our secret b
This mercy shewes, wee'l ioy
And vntill then, your entertai
As doth befit our honour, and

Per. How courtesie would

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